

Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1907.

That is a gift! It is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace we are bound either to possess or to acquire it.—Christina Rossetti.

WEST VIRGINIA'S OVERTURES.

Of late there have been various rumors of suggestions and tentative, but unofficial, proposals looking to the settlement "out of court" of the West Virginia debt controversy, and we have observed also with deep interest that in this call for a special session of the Legislature for that State to meet next month, Governor Dawson indicates the unsettled debt as one of the subjects to be considered.

The people of Virginia will welcome any official overture from West Virginia which really promises an early and equitable adjustment of this vexed question. Such, too, we are assured, are the temper and desire of the members of the Debt Commission and of the Attorney-General of Virginia, who under the law were charged with the duty of making a settlement, and failing as they have thus far done, to accomplish that object out of court, then of bringing and prosecuting such a suit as they might find to be necessary for the protection of the rights and interests of this Commonwealth.

As all the friendly overtures of Virginia in this direction were unavailing, she was forced for her own protection, and in discharge of her obligation to the common creditors who had trusted her, to resort to the United States Supreme Court, the tribunal provided by the Constitution to decide controversies between States. That court has in effect decided that Virginia has a good ground of action, if she can support the allegations of her bill by proofs, and there can be no question that she can substantially prove her case as presented.

It is believed also by those who have the case in hand that she must obtain a decree, upon any just and equitable statement of the account, for a large sum for the creditors in discharge of the obligation to them, and for herself in payment of West Virginia's fair share of the indebtedness of the original State, which Virginia has paid. If the question must be arbitrated it might as well be done before that impartial tribunal, and Virginia will not be swift to surrender any advantage that she has thus far fairly obtained. Notwithstanding all this, however, Virginia would be quite willing to settle out of court upon equitable terms.

Various suggestions to that end have been made, but we are not pleased with the proposal of the Charleston Gazette that commissioners be now appointed by West Virginia to confer or negotiate with the Virginia Commission. If the powers of the West Virginia Commission are to be limited to conducting a negotiation, with the understanding that nobody is to be bound by the findings of the joint commission, but merely that the recommendation will be reported back to the Legislature of West Virginia, there to become, perhaps, a football of politics.

What Virginia now desires and requires is not a prolonged wrangle, but an equitable and final settlement. Such a settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States seems to be very far away, and Virginia is quite satisfied to let the suit take its course. If West Virginia has something better to propose, Virginia will give her proposition careful and friendly consideration, but she will not consent to take the case out of court, where it is in process of adjustment, only to have it involved in politics and interminable discussion and controversy. It is always best to be frank, and West Virginia might as well understand now as later that she must make a business proposal if she would have Virginia take it seriously.

PROGRESS AND PROPERTY RIGHTS.

The Times-Dispatch has due respect for the rights and feelings of the home-owners of Richmond, and is sufficiently sentimental to wish to protect the ancient landmarks. It is not altogether agreeable from that point of view to see honored old residences torn away to make room for shops. To the highly sensitive sentimentalist it may seem a species of vandalism. But nothing under the sun is quite so merciless and brutal as progress. It has no consideration for emotions. It runs a railroad up to a man's front door and tells him to move his house out of the way. It can no more be

checked by sentiment than a flowing stream can be dammed by bulrushes. The shopping district in Richmond has been crowding the residential district for years and will continue to do so. There is no help for it. As the city grows, its trade expands, and as the shopping district extends, the residential district must give way, and move back. Grace Street is a beautiful and desirable residence street, but if the lower portion of it, like the lower portion of Franklin, is good business property, it will be converted into business property, and its value will be enhanced accordingly. Residents who do not like the shops will have to sell out and move. It may not be agreeable to do so. It may not be considerate for the shops to commit trespass. But progress is not considerate, and from the time of Shakespeare "the toe of the peasant comes so near to the heel of the courtier he galls his knee."

No citizen has the lawful right to commit a nuisance, but no other citizen or band of citizens may lawfully prevent him from building a decent store for decent and unobjectionable purposes upon his own property. It is easy to see to what abuses might run a law that would require a property owner to gain the consent of adjacent or neighboring property-owners before he could erect on his own premises a building to be used for legitimate business purposes. It would be a barrier to progress and might lead to mercenary hold-ups. In our view, Mr. J. F. Ragland has a perfectly legal right to erect stores on his property, corner of Fifth and Grace Streets, and the building inspector has no legal right for the reason alleged to deny him a building permit.

NOW—ALL TOGETHER!

If some monster were to descend every year on Richmond and devour 250 of our people, the entire city would be aroused to the point of frenzy, and the most extraordinary measures would be taken to avert this annual disaster. And yet consumption is an immensely greater calamity, for not only does it claim this regular number of victims, but those whom it carries off have months or years of suffering, and death comes to them as often as not as an actually welcomed release.

Ancient Athens was each year thrown into the depths of despair because fourteen of her youths and maidens were claimed as a sacrifice to the merciless Minotaur. But how insignificant this number when compared with the 150,000 who are every year claimed in the United States by the bacillus of tuberculosis! This modern monster cannot be conquered by one stroke of a Thesens. Years of persistent study and labor on the part of all the people can alone give relief. The disease can be prevented; let every man learn how to do so.

The call to battle has been sounded by our own Health Department, and in this battle every good citizen should enlist, some with their time, some with their money, but all with their moral support and encouragement.

The tuberculosis exhibit, which will be held here throughout next week, offers the opportunity to every one to show that he wants to help in this fight. This will be but one skirmish in the great war which must be waged to win success. Let every citizen contribute according to his means to this great cause, and let those whose share of this world's goods will not permit of even a small contribution of money, at least visit the exhibit when it comes to town, and there learn how he can aid in the fight in other ways.

This exhibit must be made as great a success in Richmond as it has been in other cities. Only a small part of the needed funds is now in hand. Contributions should be sent to Dr. Emmon G. Williams, 111 North Fourth Street. To be available they should be sent at once. Admission to the exhibit will be absolutely free.

THE SUFFERINGS OF WOMEN.

The disaster at the mines at Monongah is heart-rending. It is distressing beyond the power of words to express that several hundred men who had the hardihood and industry to dig the coal from the bowels of the earth for the world's benefit should have been caught in the mine, like so many rats in a hole, and smothered to death.

It does seem that in this day of science and invention some sure means could be devised to prevent such mining accidents, and this disaster should arouse the civilized world to the necessity of installing appliances of safety. There is necessarily some risk in mining, but the public and the legislative bodies should demand that this risk be reduced to the minimum by the use of scientific agencies of prevention.

Death came suddenly to the Monongah miners, and it is probable that many of them were taken off without bodily pain. The greatest sufferers were and are the women who are left behind. The anguish of their hearts, as they waited in awful suspense between hope and dread, only to realize at the last that their loved ones had perished, is known only to themselves and to the pining God, who alone can give consolation. And they must suffer on haunted forever by the recollection of the terrible ordeal.

The case is not exceptional. When the men are in peril, the women must agonize. Theirs but to wait and mourn. It was so with the Confederate women during the War between the States. It is so with the women of Monongah.

"For men must work, and women must weep."

is one of the ablest and most influential newspapers of the West, should break away from Republicanism and cast its lot with the Democrats, because of its tariff reform principles. It is a valuable hint to the Democratic leaders.

King Oscar, of Sweden, lived by the good old rule that the man is father to the King and that only a good man can make a good King. In his long and distinguished career he set a noble example for the sovereigns of the world.

In charging that we have not yet appointed a single walking delegate in the Paragraphers' Union, the usually unreliable Houston Post demonstrates that it fails to read the columns with that zeal which the more cultivated Texans always bring to that privilege. For example, the New York Mail was long ago named walking delegate to the New York district, and has since been doing its diligent "sharp-shooting" work along the Cohoes-Saratoga frontier.

Comments reaching this office indicate that all the faithful paragraphers are delighted with the new motto of the Union—"Down with the paragraphophone!" Several members, however, have petitioned the council for permission to have the motto tattooed on their foreheads in case the council left wrists as the constitution prescribes.

The refusal of many people to Christianity early may have something to do with the lack of balance of finance and credit about which the editorial writers have recently uttered so many high-browed truths. Don't prod a man into a personal panic.

"Smile and the world smiles with you," muses the Atlanta Journal. However, if the world tries anything of that kind in Atlanta next month, the Journal may catch a glimpse of Old Subscriber ringing for the police.

The more the world's single men hear of the red-bearded ladies of Texas, the more are the incoming trains packed with out-of-town lovers hurrying here to try to marry the beautiful maidens of Royal Richmond.

"McWilliams was clean shaven and well dressed," says the Macon Telegraph, "and appeared to be some sort of an artisan." Which, doubtless, was why McWilliams was well dressed.

Soldiers are disappearing from St. Louis at the rate of 300 a year. We suppose that in 1860, 300 years St. Louisians will be ordering by mail from Louisville, Ky.

Fame is a fickle and transient thing. Pedestrian Weston had it two weeks, and not a soul has come forward to name a holeproof sock after him.

The Portland Oregonian, according to its contemporary, has bolted the Republican party. Now can Portland produce a Moses to nail it down?

The observant Washington Herald discusses instructively "The Music of the Hammer," but carefully avoids mentioning Senator Foraker by name.

No doubt the Minneapolis stenographer who has just been left \$100,000, will now quit, using the lower-case keyboard altogether.

New York's Puritanic Sunday was deeply resented by the Chicago and Pittsburg men now sojourning in that metropolis.

But no financial flurry can dim the plentiful prospects or break the deadly course of the Christmas gift craze.

Some agree with the New York Mail that Mr. Bryan is the life of the Party. Some take the reverse view.

"A great many lunatics read my verses," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Well, madam?

"Mine disaster" is heading for the hackneyed-phrase list with tragic rapidity.

Some maintain that a few of "my policies" have now lapsed.

Mrs. William J. Bryan is now at sea. Have at it, paragraphers!

Meantime, Mr. Taft is learning what they do to booms in Russia.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

"Let No Man Write My Epitaph."

ROBERT EMMET, September 19, 1803.



Robert Emmet.

Dublin, which is the same apartment in which all "political offenders" for several generations have had "their quota of injustice meted out to them."

With the exception of the introduction of gas fixtures, and the removal of the dock in which Robert Emmet stood when he made that immortal speech in his own behalf, up to 1938 at least, there has been no change in the appearance of this historic room.

It is a well-known fact that there was no examination of witnesses in the Emmet defense, as it is also well known that one of the prisoner's counsel was in the pay of the British government.

Under these and other circumstances which surrounded the arrest and conviction of the unfortunate Emmet, well might he say, as he did say in open court:

"Why insult me, or why insult justice in demanding of me a reason why sentence of death should be pronounced upon me? I know my lords that the form prescribes that you shall put the question. The form also confers the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury were impeached."

When Emmet's lawyers announced that they would take no further action, a decision, it is said, which was made by Emmet himself, the government counsel was obliged to suddenly change the previously outlined method of prosecution.

"Let no man write my epitaph."

Robert Emmet

Rhymes for To-Day.

VESTREIN



As warm as an inflamed Turk
About the perfervid equal.
I languished all day in a muck
As great as I ever felt, or greater.

Around and all over the town,
From breakfast-time straight on to supper.

The more that men's spirits went down,
The more went Thermometer upper.

And me!—When I felt overdone,
There was no Mrs. Grundys to hinder.

I torridly shucked off my vest,
And hung open my door and my window.

Even so, though, 'twas too fierce to
Land.

At high noon I let out one holler,
And fanning myself with my hand,
I tore off my celluloid collar.

The steam-pipes, red hot and replete,
Worked grandly (though commonly
rheum-ed)—

But Sophy said: "Tisn't the heat,
Dear lad! It's just it's so humid!"

(Don't say it! Who likes a sulphur?
If bromides and truth go together,
Who'd rather be clever than right?)

Growled I: "Aye, it's damp profane
weather!"
H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Going by Contraries.
"There is one thing that is funny about a ship."

"She stops making knots when she begins to tie up anywhere."—Baltimore American.

Important Discovery.
"Have you discovered anything important?" asked the novice on the force.

"Then we shall be able to put our hands on the criminal!"

"Yes, sir, to hear you talking this cheap book sensationism!"
"But," faltered the novice, "you said you had discovered it!"
"I have discovered an investment that will pay at least a hundred per cent. profit."—Washington Star.

Unlucky Bill.
"Yes, partner," drawled the lean native with his huge nose, "Bill was the unluckiest man in seventeen States."

"Was, eh?" answered the man who was pointing signs of him.
"Yes, sir. Why when opportunity knocked at Bill's door he thought it was another colleague and hid under the bed."—Chicago News.

The Ideal Wife.
"What is your idea of an ideal wife?"

"One who will cook the meals, do the washing, look after the furnace, make her own soap and—"

"And what?"

"Keep herself looking as young and as beautiful as an actress who pulls down \$100 a week in vaudeville."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Gist of It.
Two and two make four. This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is a demagogue.

Two and two make 150. This is high finance.—Washington Herald.

ROYAL RICHMOND AND OLD VIRGINIA.

MORE living Presidents of the United States have been buried in the city of Richmond than in famous Richmond, Chesapeake, Vexatious Washington and hollering-houston combined.—New York Mail.

A Virginia woman was hugged by a bear and brought to account. It is not stated whether the bear was trained or the husband untrained.—Nashville Tennessean.

Recently a buck deer wandered up and down a street of a Connecticut town for some time and then disappeared in the woods. He had been looking for Richmond, up in Virginia.—Dristol Herald-Courier.

The President spent Thanksgiving in Virginia. There is no quibble so dense and intricate as to whether or not he was. Truly had a good day's rest.—Houston Post.

The decision of the Virginia Supreme Court that a man cannot be held by the police as a suspected burglar, and that he must be given a good day's rest.—Birmingham News.

Voice of the People

Financial Remedy for Paucity.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Recently there has occurred in New York City, and in other financial centres, one of the severest financial panics that this country has ever witnessed. There have been numerous small panics since the panic of 1893, but the present one is the most serious presented to the public, and some remedies recommended as a prevention of a recurrence of such a panic, but as yet none have been accepted generally by the financiers. Though not claiming to be an expert, I am sure that I can suggest to my mind, that there is a perfect remedy for this evil, provided same is adopted and operated by every State of our Union.

There are in this country what are known as the four great banks, namely, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which means that a draft drawn by any bank in this country which has a credit in any bank in the above-named cities will be cashed or accepted on deposit without the cost of exchange being incurred.

The plan which I would suggest is that a par point be established in each State of the Union, so that a draft drawn on any bank in such par point in each State will be recognized by every bank in our country the same as currency without exchange.

The reason that this plan would prove advantageous is obvious from the fact that every bank in each State would have its largest balances in the par point bank, thereby building up the banks of their own State, the par point banks making provision for their correspondents by carrying a sufficient amount of currency for the demands of banks of their own States.

As you can readily see, would be the cause of the elimination of large balances in the four cities referred to that are now par points, and would prevent the centralization of capital as it exists to-day. It would also mean the general distribution of the money of the country into the various State par points, which would relieve the banks of these States (as they now are) upon the four cities referred to in times of financial stress for aid.

It is an axiom that this plan would be opposed strenuously by the four par points which are recognized at this time, but I am confident that the benefits we now receive from these four par points would be so multiplied that there would be no recurrence of present conditions.

The establishment of these par points in various States could be brought about by the approval of the American Bankers' Association, or through congressional enactment.

My suggestion is worthy of consideration, and I believe it is, I leave the furtherance of it to wiser financiers than myself—financiers of the various States of our country.

Respectfully,
GEO. A. SCHMEIZ.

Newport News, Va., Nov. 29, 1907.

Prison Inspection.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Will you allow me to congratulate you on your recent editorial? The one this morning pleased me, especially. Do not advocate a State Bank of Charity, but plead for some man to be appointed who will drive the beggars and the poor from the streets, and head for the position, but who does not seek the place. We need a man upon whose words we can rely. Such a man should think of the welfare of the poor, and not of his own pocket. Since we have such grand examples of efficiency among our women, I would raise the question of the wisdom of having some woman look after the women in the State Prison. I would especially urge the need of an advance in what we are doing for our insane. Last summer I turned in a suggestion to account, and decided that Virginia is sadly behind in her work for the insane. Our insane are too often huddled together in a way that shows that they are not the soundest minds into insanity. The best institution I have ever looked through is divided into circles, according to the patients' needs. At the moment time comes there is a show of home, rather than scenes that remind you of it.

I would like to see among the grumblers, for I am proud every day of the advance which Virginia is making in all its benevolent and humanitarian work. I have one man and one woman appointed to this work—the woman to counsel and advise in cases where she may be better than any man what ought to be done.

Very truly yours,
G. M. P. KING.

Richmond, Va.

Local Option for Compulsory Education.

A suggestion of value to the discussion of compulsory education, which has been pending in the South Carolina General Assembly for a number of years, comes to us from Virginia. The Richmond Times-Dispatch proposes compulsory education with local option for that State.

The plan is that the counties, towns and cities of the State be permitted to decide for themselves whether or not the children of school age shall be compelled to attend the schools.

Our Richmond contemporary quotes the Emporia, Va., Messenger as saying that the question of compulsory education is a very complex one, and the measure should be carefully considered before it is adopted. The Richmond Times-Dispatch emphasizes by pointing out that there are sections of Virginia in which compulsory education would meet serious obstacles.

Perhaps similar obstacles exist in certain districts of South Carolina, but the plan is not objectionable to the school attendance in other parts of the State. Conditions in Spartanburg and Beaufort are wholly dissimilar. If any counties, towns or cities of the State desire a compulsory school attendance law, what possible objection can be offered to the passage of a law providing for the same? The law is in its favor.—Charleston News and Courier.

"Just As Easy."

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—As "the fact" is to give an alliterative prefix to the names of cities, the following is a list of some of the cities in Virginia: "A" in "Arlington," "B" in "Baltimore," "C" in "Charleston," "D" in "Dorchester," "E" in "Emporia," "F" in "Falmouth," "G" in "Gotham," "H" in "Hartford," "I" in "Indianapolis," "J" in "Jacksonville," "K" in "Kansas City," "L" in "Louisville," "M" in "Memphis," "N" in "New Orleans," "O" in "Oxford," "P" in "Pittsburgh," "Q" in "Quebec," "R" in "Richmond," "S" in "St. Louis," "T" in "Trenton," "U" in "Union City," "V" in "Virginia Beach," "W" in "Washington," "X" in "Xenia," "Y" in "Yonkers," "Z" in "Zanesville."

Richmond, Va., December 6, 1907.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, and over fifty years ago it was the only remedy for the child's distress. It is the best remedy for the child's distress.

More than half a million men are wearing Packards. Are You? If not, why not? You can't do better, and may not be doing as well.

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\$350
\$400
\$500

Hillrise:

BY W. B. MAXWELL,
Author of "The Ragged Messenger,"
"The Guarded Flame," etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Call on me," he said grimly, "12 to-morrow. I'll see what I can do for you."

Then, turning his back, he summoned his daughter.

"Lizzie. Come."

And then, everybody drawing back, the crowd by the door opened and made a wide avenue for Mr. Cruden and his daughter to pass out.

CHAPTER XIII.

Delenda est Carthago.

With appalling rapidity Mr. Cruden had set to work. In the few weeks, the most useful in the history of Medford, it really seemed as if the world was moving faster to its end; things that should have taken years to bring about happened in a single night; each day brought a new and startling change.

Men ceased to feel surprised; the old order was gone; a reign of chaos had opened. Down went the Gurgian wall that had guarded Lady Haddenham's lower fields; in went the road-makers, smashing posts and rails, peeling away the month turf, tumbling out cartloads of brick-bats; up went the huge boards—with outlined map showing hundreds of narrow rectangles, in great white letters announcing that this was the first section of the new broad road was completed, and the main sewer had been carried two hundred yards.

Then, in the midst of the great upheaval, there fell the second thunder-bolt. Hill House was ruined. The great grand Sir John was ruined. He and Lady Vivian were moving into a little red-brick villa on the Redmarsh Road. There was to be a sale at Hill House of all those noble pieces of furniture, tapestries, sideboards, mahogany, dinner-tables, etc.—which were presently too big for Sir John's new home. A respectfully silent crowd gathered in the roadway outside the white gates, to watch for a moment the last of the great house.

White gates, to watch for a moment the last of the great house. The gates were closed, and the crowd dispersed. The gates were closed, and the crowd dispersed.

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